Two NOVELS.

VIZ.

I. The INGRATEFUL: Or, The juſt Revenge.

II. LOVE led Aſtray: Or, The Mutual Inconſtancy.

By Mrs. ARABELLA PLANTIN.

Ye Heav'ns! If Innocence deſerves your Care,
Why have ye made it fatal to be Fair?
Baſe Man the Ruin of our Sex is born;
The beauteous are his Prey, the reſt his Scorn:
Alike unfortunate, our Fate is ſuch,
We pleaſe too little, or we pleaſe too much.

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THE INGRATEFUL: OR, THE *Juſt* Revenge.

IN *Arcadia* lived a Gentleman, who, from one of the moſt plentiful Fortunes in the Land, was reduced to a State but little above Beggary by his Extravagancies. He was deſerted by all his former Acquaintance, whom his Liberality, or rather his Profuſeneſs, had fed; his Relations would not look on him; in ſhort, there was not one Friend left to the unhappy *Lyſander*; that was his Name. The Beauties of his Perſon were uncommon; his Behaviour was agreeable to all, nor indeed did he want Senſe

to

to make himſelf deſirable by Men of Wit and Learning; but his Paſſions were ſo prevalent, and ſtrong, that it ſeemed to be the whole End of his Life to indulge them. In him we may ſee the diſmal Effects of giving a Looſe to the Senſes, ungoverned by Reaſon. In this loweſt Condition what could he do, but give himſelf up entirely to Deſpair!

NEAR to this unfortunate Gentleman lived a Lady of great Fortune; her Name was *Meliſſa*. She was a Woman of extraordinary Senſe, her Perſon comely, and her Demeanour Majeſtical. *Lyſander*, in his melancholy Contemplations, often thought of this Lady; but was checked in himſelf by the Remembrance of his paſt Life, and his preſent Condition; but reflecting that he could be no lower, no unhappier, than he was, he reſolv'd to addreſs her; which he did by a Letter, wrote artfully enough to get Admittance to her Perſon. After the Courtſhip of ſome Months, *Meliſſa*, who was now enamour'd with the charming *Lyſander*, propoſes a Way for him to redeem Part of his loſt Fortune, and offers all the Money that is neceſſary to do it. This ſhe let him know ſhe did to prevent the malicious Talk of his Enemies, who, after their Marriage, might tell him, he owed his Living to his Wife. He, inſtead of applying the Money to the Uſe for which it was deſigned, purſued his former Courſe of Life; and when he had run thro' the whole, he told her, he had ſucceeded ill in his Affairs; but if ſhe would repeat the Sum, another Attempt might make good the former Loſs. Thus he abuſed the Generoſity of *Meliſſa*, till he had run out almoſt all her Fortune; with the laſt of which he had, he took the Advantage

tage of a Ship which was going to *Cyprus*; where he heard was a Widow, with whom he had formerly an Acquaintance, in an honourable Way, immenſely rich by the Death of a Husband, and without Children. He had not been long there, before he wrote to *Meliſſa* in the following Manner.

Madam,

" AMONG the greateſt Misfortunes of " my Life, I count my Neceſſity of " Writing to you now, to let you know how " near it ſtrikes, to tell you, I muſt never ſee " you again. I have failed in all my Attempts " which you were ſo good to aſſiſt me in, and " am now at *Cyprus*, where I deſign to ſpend " the Remainder of my Days in Obſcurity; being " aſhamed ever more to ſee the Perſon who " has been made ſo unhappy as *Meliſſa* has, by " her unfortunate

LYSANDER.

Meliſſa bore this Shock as well as could be expected of a Woman in her Circumſtances, thrown from a moſt plentiful Fortune to as abject a State as ſhe found the falſe *Lyſander* in. It was not long before ſhe heard he was going to be marry'd to *Cleomene*, the rich Widow of *Cyprus*; about which Time ſhe had an Eſtate left her by her Brother, as large as that *Lyſander* ſpent of her's; upon which good Luck ſhe wrote this Letter to him.

Sir,

Sir,

"FAIN would I forget you was falſe or "ingrateful, and to convince you that "I mean what I write, I will ſettle the Eſtate "juſt left me by my Brother, upon you, ſoon "as you return to *Arcadia*. I bluſh not at this "Condeſcention, becauſe it is the Fruit of a "virtuous Love. I ſhall expect no Anſwer, "but your Perſon ſpeedily.

IF Honour, or if Gratitude, ſhould move,
How ſtrong my Claim to my *Lyſander*'s Love!
If Vows by Heav'n are heard, or Oaths can tye,
How can *Lyſander* from *Meliſſa* fly!
If a fair Name to Scandal is preferr'd,
Then ſhall my Pray'rs to Heav'n, and you, be heard.
Think then, *Lyſander*, think, e'er 'tis too late,
If loſt to Love, I fly for Aid to Fate,
Oh! think, ſhould I appoint the fatal Day,
What will the World of falſe *Lyſander* ſay!
This will both Sexes ſay, the worſe they can,
He lives a faithleſs, and ingrateful, Man.
Of me ſhall Pity ſay, ſhe dy'd, poor Soul,
A fond, a faithful, and a gen'rous Fool.

In vain did *Meliſſa* uſe all the Arts her Love and Sincerity could direct to her. At laſt ſhe heard the Day appointed for their Marriage; upon which ſhe took a Voyage to *Cyprus*, in Diſguiſe; and, coming to the Houſe where the Lovers

Lovers were, ſhe enquired for *Lyſander*, being habited like a travelling Man. She was ſhewed into a Room, and *Lyſander* ſoon ſent to her. She approached him with a Letter in one Hand, and in the other a Dagger concealed, with which ſhe ſtabbed him in the Breaſt, and had no ſooner drew it from the Wound, but ſhe ſtruck it into her own Boſom. The Cries which were occaſion'd by the Wound, called in the Company, among which was the deſigned Bride. *Lyſander* had juſt Time enough to own his Guilt, and clear *Meliſſa*, ſhe being Dead the Moment ſhe pierced her Heart. The Letter that was found gave a faithful Account of the Cauſe of this fatal Accident, which made *Meliſſa* pitied, and applauded for this laſt Act, in righting the Injuries offer'd to the whole Sex, in one Offender.

LOVE *led Astray:*

OR,

The Mutual Inconstancy.

There's no such Thing as Constancy we call,
Faith tyes not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all. Dryden.

IT is not among the most exalted Characters, nor in the highest Rank of Life, that the strange Effects of Love most frequently appear; this little Deity extends his Empire to the most obscure Retreats, as well as to the most shining Courts. I know that the Name of a Prince embellishes a Story, and seems to interest a Reader in it, tho' that pompous Title is not always attended with all the Gallantry which is often found in a private Person; therefore I leave to Historians the Choice of their illustrious Name.

I intend to confine my self to the Passion of Love, and as I am persuaded that a Shepherd may in this Point exceed the greatest King, I shall not go beyond the Bounds of a Forest to convince my Readers of this Truth.

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The Shepherd *Polemas*, who, for the Strength of his Paſſion, as well as the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, found no equal among the Swains, loved from his Infancy the charming *Cypariſſa*: She might have paſſed for the moſt beautiful Nymph of the whole Foreſt, if young *Lydippa* had not ſhared with her in the Hearts and the Vows of all its Male Inhabitants. Theſe two lovely Maids, by Force of their Charms, maintained againſt each other an undeſigned War, of which the Shepherds felt the ill Effects. All the Graces ſeemed to have been divided between them: If *Venus* furniſhed *Cypariſſa* with all her Charms, the *Cupids* fluttered inceſſantly about *Lydippa*; ſo that few Hearts could withſtand thoſe Eyes, in which the brighteſt Divinities had kindled up their own Luſtre.

But as theſe two Shepherdeſſes were the Delight of all the Villages adjacent, the moſt conſiderable of their Lovers deſerve alſo a particular Regard. *Polemas* and *Thamires* were the only worthy of their lovely Miſtreſſes; they both equally join'd to an Agreeableneſs of Perſon, a Delicacy of Paſſion, and a Livelyneſs of Wit. So that they inſpired their Shepherdeſſes with a Tenderneſs equal to the Love they felt themſelves. But as they dwelt not in the ſame Village, altho' not far diſtant from each other, they had not Opportunities frequent enough of cultivating between them that agreeable Friendſhip, which a Knowledge of their mutual Merit had given Birth to in both. *Polemas* and *Cypariſſa* were Neighbours, and had it every Day in their Power to give each other mutual Proofs of that tender Paſſion which they had reciprocally conceived; while at the ſame Time the beautiful *Lydippa* and young

Thamires had in the ſame Habitation, Conveniencies for ſwearing to each other eternal Fondneſs. But ſoon alas, their Vows became as frail and as light as the Deity from whom they proceeded!

One Day as *Cypariſſa* watched her Flock, under the Shade of a Beech, which protected her from the Heat of the Sun, and thinking of her lovely Shepherd, ſung ſome Words which he had compoſed in Praiſe of her; a frightful Wolf came from the neighbouring Foreſt, ruſhed violently on and ſeized the Sheep ſhe loved moſt of the whole Flock.

It was eaſily diſtinguiſhed by numberleſs Knots of Amaranth-colour'd Ribbons with which it was adorned; ſo that the fair *Cypariſſa* forgetting (for its Sake) the natural Timidity of her Sex, flew to its Aſſiſtance, and with the Iron of her Sheep-hook endeavoured to defend it. But the Animal, enraged at the Oppoſition ſhe gave his Deſign, quitted his Prey, and ruſhed upon the Shepherdeſs. His flaming Eyes, his foaming Jaws, and his briſtling Hair, threw *Cypariſſa* into ſuch a Fright, that without thinking of her own Defence, ſhe was upon the Point of undergoing the ſame Miſchief from which ſhe had juſt ſaved her Sheep, if Chance, or rather Love had not conducted the Shepherd *Thamires* to the Place. Some Affairs called him to the Village *Cypariſſa* dwelt in, which obliged him to paſs this Way. He no ſooner perceived the extream Danger in which ſhe ſtood, than he threw himſelf before the ravenous Jaws of this ſavage Animal, and with the Iron of his Crook gave him a deep Wound in the Flank; but all his Addreſs and Strength could not ſecure him from the laſt Efforts of this

this cruel Beaſt, he was himſelf dangerouſly hurt, notwithſtanding he had the Glory of ſeeing this dangerous Enemy expire before his Eyes: After which, turning towards *Cypariſſa*, whom her Fear had thrown half dead on the Graſs, Beauteous Nymph (ſaid he) I regret not the Blood which my Victory has coſt me, ſince it has been the Means of preſerving yours.

Thamires was hardly able to pronounce theſe laſt Words; a deadly Paleneſs ſpread over his Viſage, and he fell ſenſeleſs at the Feet of *Cypariſſa*. The Shepherdeſs, ſomewhat freed from her deadly Fright, aroſe in Haſte, Pity, Gratitude, and perhaps other Sentiments which ſhe did not as yet underſtand, obliged her to employ her fair Hands in ſtopping the Blood of the unfortunate *Thamires*, and the better to bring it about, ſhe tore ſome of her own Garments: In ſhort, ſhe neglected nothing to recover him from the Condition to which his Generoſity had reduced him. In the mean while *Polemas*, who could not be long abſent from *Cypariſſa*, having perceived her Flock in the Plain, led thither his own by the Sound of his Pipe. But what was his Aſtoniſhment when he beheld his Shepherdeſs buſied in the charitable Care ſhe had undertaken! A Motion of Jealouſy, from which Human Nature cannot guard it ſelf, made him tremble at this Sight, but no ſooner had he learned from her the ſad Diſaſter from which the Valour of *Thamires* had preſerved her, than inſtead of condemning the Tears and the Cares of *Cypariſſa*, he took ſo much Pains about the Shepherd, that at length he brought him to the Uſe of his Senſes. He then went to his Village for Aſſiſt-

ance, while *Cypariſſa*, even by the Conſent of her Lover, ſtayed with *Thamires*.

How! Beautiful Nymph, ſaid *Thamires* faintly, doſt thou ſhed Tears? And is it poſſible that the Condition from which your generous Cares have recovered me, ſhould draw from your fair Eyes thoſe precious Drops which ought only to fall for the Misfortunes of *Polemas*? One muſt be as barbarous as the cruel Animal from which your Valour ſaved me, anſwered ſhe, not to feel Concern for the Condition I ſee you in; Love does not baniſh Gratitude from the Heart, and as upon this Occaſion you have done for me all that you could have done for *Lypidda*, I confeſs I have done for you all that I believed I ought to have done for *Polemas*. 'Twas in this Manner that Love prepared theſe two Hearts to receive the new Impreſſions which he intended to fix on them.

Mean while *Cypariſſa*'s Lover returned with ſeveral Shepherds. They made a Kind of Litter, in which they carried *Thamires* to the Cabin of *Polemas*, where he was treated with extraordinary Care, and it was ſoon judged, that his Hurt, altho' dangerous, would be attended with no unhappy Conſequences.

The News of this Adventure was ſoon ſpread all over the Country, but if every one elſe was amazed at it, *Lypidda* was almoſt ſtruck dead with Sorrow; the Danger in which her dear *Thamires* lay, reduced her to a Condition which nothing but the tendereſt Love could occaſion. Sach was her Impatience, that ſhe immediately traverſed the Fields, in order to get at the Village which contained all that was moſt dear to her in the World; but her Strength

not

not anſwering to her Impatience, through the Shock which this News gave her, ſhe was obliged to be carried Home in the utmoſt Agony, and wait two Days before ſhe could recover Health enough to enjoy that Happineſs.

Thoſe who have loved very tenderly may imagine what was the Deſpair of this beautiful Shepherdeſs, never was any ſo afflicting: But Love, who without doubt directed all the Incidents of this Story, permitted this Misfortune to make Way for another, which proved to be the Henge upon which the whole Affair turned, for in the mean while a Lover of *Lydippa*, whoſe Name was *Caſir*, enraged to Madneſs at the tender Sentiments of the Nymph for his Rival, and the Scorn with which ſhe treated himſelf, reſolved by Force to make himſelf Maſter of her Charms, and carry her into ſome diſtant Country, where his Submiſſion and his Love might at length make her forget the too happy *Thamires*.

He truſted his Deſign to one of his Friends, who not only approved it, but alſo determined to aſſiſt and follow him in it. They enquired carefully, and learned the Day and Hour which the fair *Lydippa* had choſen to go to *Cypariſſa*'s Village, and went and waited for her in a little Grove through which ſhe was to paſs.

The impatient *Lydippa*, rather led by Love than guided by Reaſon, went alone from her Houſe: No Journey ever ſeem'd ſo long, the cruel Incertainty which diſturbed her, ſeemed to have given her Wings, and tho' ſhe walked ſo as almoſt to put herſelf out of Breath, ſhe upbraided

upbraided herſelf with Slowneſs and Neglect.

To be ſhort, ſhe ſoon arrived at the Place where the brutal *Caſir* had reſolved to put his wicked Deſign in Execution; he had provided himſelf with two good Horſes, and coming up to her, Fair Shepherdeſs (ſaid He) it is with Regret that I obey the Dictates of Love; but this Deity, much ſtronger than my Reaſon, obliges me to ſnatch you away from my happy Rival; come *Lydippa*, continued he, taking her by the Arm, follow a Lover who adores you, and don't conſtrain me to make Uſe of Force, at a Time when nothing can defend you from me.

How, treacherous *Caſir!* anſwered the unfortunate *Lydippa*, dareſt thou offer me this unjuſt Violence? Thinkeſt thou to benefit by thy baſe Treachery? Both Men and Gods will arm in my Defence. Your Cries will rather provoke my Love than my Anger, replied *Caſir*, ſeizing her ſtrongly by the Help of his Friend, Arguments and Reaſons are impertinent when Love commands Silence.

At theſe Words he had put his Purpoſe in Execution if *Polemas* had not at the Inſtant arrived in this ſolitary Place. Some ſecret Movement of which he knew not the Cauſe, had for ſome Days paſt afflicted this Shepherd with a Languor of which he could not get the better, and a Reſtleſneſs before unknown to him, occaſioned his ſeeking Solitude. Alas! Could he imagine that Love would have attacked him from any other Quarter than *Cypariſſa*'s? This nevertheleſs was the Beginning of ſuch an Attack. *Polemas* left his Cabin in a lucky Hour, after having informed himſelf of the

the State of *Thamires*'s Health, he took the Path to the Grove, through which *Lydippa* was to paſs, as the moſt agreeable to his ſolitary Humour; but he was hardly entered upon it, when the repeated Cries of the Shepherdeſs rouzed him from a profound Sleep; he ran haſtily towards her, his Heart knew her before his Eyes; and an inconceivable Fury ſeized him on Sight of the Violence which was offered to her.

Unjuſt *Caſir*, (cried he, advancing) treat with Reſpect the fair *Lydippa*, or I ſhall puniſh your raſh Enterprize as it deſerves. Is it by barbarous Violence a Man ſhould ſeek to make himſelf beloved? In vain you attempt to reſtore my Soul to Reaſon, anſwered the impetuous *Caſir*, leave me to perpetrate a Fact which Love authorizes, or if your ill Stars compel you to oppoſe it, your Death ſhall ſoon inſure the Succeſs of it. I know no better Way of employing my Life, replied *Polemas*, than for the Defence of this beautiful Shepherdeſs, ſo that ſince you will liſten to nothing but blind Rage, let us ſee if your Courage be equal to your Raſhneſs.

At theſe Words, this generous Shepherd ruſhed in upon *Caſir*, who received him with the more Boldneſs, becauſe his own vile Friend joined him in the Fray, but *Polemas*, whoſe Addreſs and Strength were very great, managed himſelf ſo prudently, that the Efforts of both his Enemies were fruitleſs, altho' they were arm'd each with a Sword, and our Shepherd had nothing but his Crook. At length, *Polemas*, grown weary of the Incertitude of this Engagement, advanced upon *Caſir* with ſuch Violence, that he plunged the Iron of his Sheephook in-

to his Heart; after which turning to his Second, he would have made him undergo the ſame Fate, if this baſe Enemy had not ſought in his Flight the means of preſerving himſelf. This Victory, which a ſecret Divinity ſhared with the Shepherd, had for Witneſſes the Eyes of the fair *Lydippa*. She was ſo ſtruck with an Accident ſo extraordinary among the peaceful Shepherds, that ſhe had not the Power to fly: Who knows if even Love did not contribute to the heightening of her Fear.

However that be, *Polemas*, having no more Enemies to combat, came up to the Shepherdeſs, and ſpoke thus, Charming *Lydippa*, what do I not owe to my happy Deſtiny? I have protected you from unjuſt Force, and the Defence of ſo good a Cauſe obliged the Gods to ſtrengthen my Arm againſt this vile Raviſher. Generous *Polemas*, anſwered the lovely *Lydippa*, I owe my All to your Courage, you delivered me from a Misfortune more cruel than Death it ſelf. But if any Thing could contribute to the Heightening of your natural Valour, 'twas no doubt the Deſire of rendering *Thamires* the ſame Service which he had performed for you in the Perſon of *Cypariſſa*.

Unjuſt Shepherdeſs, cried out *Polemas*, I had no Thoughts but of you alone on this Occaſion, and altho' *Thamires* has ſaved my Life in prolonging that of *Cypariſſa*, I ſwear to you that it was not meer Gratitude which brought me to your Aſſiſtance; ſuch Merit, and ſuch Beauty, can they want Aid to engage all the World in your Cauſe? And is it not to pleaſe the Gods to ſearch for Occaſions of defending the moſt perfect of their Works? It is not

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from this Converſation alone, *Polemas*, (anſwered ſhe, ſmiling) that I know you join to the moſt approved Valour the moſt agreeable Gallantry: Kind Nature has given you the firſt of theſe Qualities, and the fair *Cypariſſa* inſpires you with the ſecond; but as you have been prodigal of one upon my Account, preſerve the other for your lovely Nymph, therefore let us go homewards, and publiſh thro' the World your Generoſity and my Acknowledgments.

Ending theſe Words, this amiable Couple, whom Love reſolved to unite in his moſt charming Bands, purſued the Path towards the Village of *Polemas*; where the Death of *Caſir*, and the Valour of *Polemas* were ſoon made publick. The Reſemblance of this Accident with that of *Cypariſſa*, ſurprized every one; but nothing ever was ſo tender as the Thanks of *Thamires*; theſe two charming Shepherds who had reciprocally ſaved for each other all that they held precious in the World, careſſed each other ſo tenderly, that this alone had been ſufficient to expreſs their Loves; while *Cypariſſa* and *Lydippa*, embracing each other, ſwore an everlaſting Friendſhip.

Mean while the Wound of *Thamires* being out of Danger, he was ſoon in a Condition of getting up and going to thank *Lydippa*, who lodged in *Cypariſſa*'s Cabbin, for the vaſt Diſquiet which ſhe had born through his Illneſs; their Converſation was tender, it was paſſionate; but it was eaſy to obſerve in it, on both Sides a certain Conſtraint, in which *Cupid* took a ſecret Pride, reſolving to eraze from their Hearts that conſtant Paſſion which he himſelf had formed. How can we be defended from

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the Aſſaults of this God? If he can make the moſt indifferent love, he can make the moſt faithful change. He triumphed over theſe Swains as he does over the Univerſe. *Cypariſſa* and *Polemas* on their Part renewed their Vows, 'tis true, with equal Tenderneſs. Their Tongues kept the Habit, while their Hearts ſeemed to have loſt it. They appeared equally reſtleſs, *Thamires* and *Lydippa* were wanting to their Pleaſures: Even ſo, all the four ſought Opportunities of meeting together, with an Earneſtneſs, of which Friendſhip was the Pretence, and Love the real Cauſe.

Mean while the Feaſt of *Pan* arrived. All the Shepherds of the Circumjacent Villages, aſſembled together to celebrate it by a thouſand innocent Pleaſures, conſecrated to this God: *Thamires* and *Polemas* diſtinguiſhed themſelves upon this Occaſion, and divided between them the Prizes appointed for the Conquerors.

At length, the Night being come, a Country Ball crown'd the Diverſions of this agreeable Day.

'Twas in a little Grove, to the Muſick of ſeveral Pipes, and by the Light of a Multitude of Lamps tied to the Trees, they determined in ruſtick Dances to finiſh their Enjoyments, and in Truth nothing was ever ſo delightful: *Cypariſſa* and *Lydippa* ſhew'd their Activity of Limbs, and the Gracefulneſs of their Air: But Love who could not ſuffer this Opportunity to paſs without mingling his Delights with it, inſpired thoſe two Nymphs with a Deſign of maſquing themſelves as others did who were at the Ball.

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They left the Company unperceived, and changed Habits with each other. They were of the ſame Size, and appeared equally well ſhaped in their new Garments. *Lydippa* adorned her ſelf with ſeveral Knots of *Amaranth* coloured Ribbons, which was *Cypariſſa*'s Colour, and this Shepherdeſs took in her Turn the *Gridelin*, which *Lydippa* was exceedingly fond of.

After this Precaution, which was neceſſary to prevent their being known, they put on their Maſques, and returned to the Ball.

Mean while *Polemas* and *Thamires*, who could not live a Moment without the Sight of what they adored, ſought for them earneſtly; they had no ſooner obſerved them but they went to throw themſelves at their Feet; if they had dared to follow their real Inclinations perhaps they had not been deceived as they were.

Thamires, imagining he ſpoke to *Lydippa*, addreſſed himſelf to *Cypariſſa*, and *Polemas*, deceived by the *Amaranth* coloured Ribbons, fell at the Knees of *Lydippa*, and thus addreſſed her.

What Diſquiet does one Moment of your Abſence give me, fair Shepherdeſs? I fear always that ſome new Misfortunes may raviſh from me the ſole Good to which my Live is attacked; a ſecret Impulſe made *Lydippa* bluſh at the Tenderneſs of this Diſcourſe.

I am of Opinion, *Polemas*, anſwered ſhe to him, that this obliging Proteſtation which you now make to me, bears no Reſemblance to the Lukewarmneſs which you ſhewed me but even this Minute.

Oh! charming *Cypariſſa*, replied the Shepherd, What do you reproach me with? I have always loved you with the ſame Ardor; but I confeſs to you that I feel at this happy Inſtant the moſt violent Pangs of Love. All my paſt Sentiments ſeem trivial to me, in Compariſon of thoſe which you have this Day inſpired me with. Yes, fair Shepherdeſs, continued he, kiſſing her Hand, I adore you, and only Death ſhall raze from my Heart a Paſſion ſo tender, and Tranſports ſo moving. The Shepherdeſs *Cypariſſa* ought to anſwer to thoſe paſſionate Diſcourſes, ſaid ſhe, in a Pet which ſhe could not conceal; but *Lydippa* ought no longer to liſten to what cannot be addreſſed to her.

In ſpeaking theſe Words ſhe made her ſelf known to *Polemas*; the Confuſion of the Shepherd was exceſſive; he was tempted to confirm to *Lydippa* all that he thought he had ſaid to *Cypariſſa*, but he contained himſelf as yet; Cruel Shepherdeſs, ſaid he, looking on her with Eyes full of Love, why have you deceived me, or why have you undeceived me? *Lydippa* was going to anſwer, and perhaps the Conſequence of this Converſation would at laſt have diſcovered the Sentiments of their Souls, but ſhe was taken out to dance.

Mean while *Thamires* had the ſame Luck with *Cypariſſa*; the Shepherd, like *Polemas*, found his Ardour increaſed. He expreſſed it with all that Love can dictate to Wit, ſo that the Nymph repenting of being drawn in to hear Tranſports, which perhaps ſhe wiſhed only for herſelf, ſoon made herſelf known, and left *Thamires*.

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He ſought *Polemas*, and told what had happened to him, and their Confidence became mutual by the Recital of their Adventures. But to revenge this Piece of innocent Deceit, they reſolved to pay them in their own Coin; and therefore withdrawing for a Moment, they changed Cloaths, and returned maſqued to the Ball. During this Time, the two Shepherdeſſes told each other the Effects which their Diſguiſes produced; nevertheleſs, by an equal Impulſe of Envy, they ſtrove to conceal from each other ſome Part of the Raptures which they had obſerved.

But at length they began to fear leſt *Polemas* and *Thamires* might be offended with this light Raillery, and therefore reſolved to appeaſe them; in order to which, they ſought them out in their Turn, and had not much Difficulty in finding them: The fair *Lydippa* advancing to *Polemas*, whom ſhe miſtook for *Thamires*, and placing her ſelf before him, Oh! my Shepherd, ſaid ſhe, have you forgiven me a Frolick which occaſioned the confounding *Cypariſſa* and *Lydippa*? Ah! *Thamires*, purſued ſhe, if you loved me now with ſo ſtrong a Paſſion as you formerly did, could your Heart commit the Miſtake? Would not yours by the Force of Sympathy have diſcovered which was the real Object of its Deſire, in Spite of the Diſguiſe which impoſed upon your outward Senſes?

Lovely *Lydippa*, anſwered *Polemas*, diſguiſing his Voice, ceaſe to accuſe me of an Error, which might have informed you of the Exceſs of my Love, you might have learned from your charming Companion the Livelineſs of my Proteſtations, and the Exceſs of my

Tranſports: But my fair one, ſince you have given me Reaſon to believe the little Cheat which you have played upon us, do you think it ſo eaſy to diſtinguiſh between *Cypariſſa* and *Lydippa*?

Go too, faint Lover, anſwered haſtily the Nymph, you don't know how to love: The Heart ought always to explain it ſelf in Favour of the Party beloved. For Example, do you believe, that I could eaſily make a Miſtake between *Polemas* and *Thamires*? A certain inperceptible Power would ſtill draw me towards you, and I well perceive, that to you is attacked all the good Fortune of my Life.

Ah! this is too much, cried out *Polemas*, pulling off his Maſque. Both Love and Fortune forbid me ſuch flattering Hopes, theſe Words were addreſſed to the happy *Thamires*, and the unfortunate *Polemas* ought to have avoided hearing them.

While he ſpoke, the fair *Lydippa* remained immoveable, ſhe knew not which to do, to complain of a Miſtake which let *Polemas* into the Knowledge of ſome of her Thoughts, or be pleaſed with a Chance which favoured the Wiſhes of her Heart; at length, ſhe reſolved to leave the Shepherd, without giving him an Anſwer, and go ſeek *Cypariſſa*, rather out of an Impulſe of Curioſity than Jealouſy; for ſhe made no doubt but that the Converſation between her and *Thamires*, was of a Piece with her own.

And indeed *Cypariſſa* held with the Shepherd, whom ſhe took for *Polemas*, a Diſcourſe ſo paſſionate, that *Thamires* was ſoon obliged to make himſelf known, and left her, after ſpeaking to this Effect, What would I not give,

fair

fair Shepherdeſs, (ſaid he, tranſported with Love) to have ſuch tender Proteſtations meant to me? And the Nymph ſurprized, and perhaps pleaſed, went to ſeek *Lydippa*, whom when ſhe found, they gave each other an Account of their Miſtakes, and at length retired to their Cabin, under a Diſquietude and Uneaſineſs of which they now began to know the Cauſe.

Polemas and *Thamires*, on their Part, in Spite of themſelves became ſad and penſive, *Lydippa*'s Image haunted *Polemas*, and *Cypariſſa*'s appeared inceſſantly before the Eyes of *Thamires*.

At length they went to Bed, without communicating to each other their private Thoughts. But the continual Reſtleſneſs which they felt all Night, gave them to underſtand that ſome ſecret Emotions diſturbed their Repoſe.

What's the Matter with my dear *Polemas*? at length ſaid *Thamires*, what Misfortune can diſturb the Tranquillity of your Life, and the Sweetneſs of your Sleep.

Ah! my dear *Thamires*, anſwered the Shepherd, why did you prevent the ſame Queſtion which I was going to ask you? What can be wanting to your Happineſs, who are beloved by the fair *Lydippa*? and yet nevertheleſs you ſeem to me to be uneaſy.

Ah! *Thamires*, know better the Value of your good Fortune, a happy Marriage is ready to crown your Love, you are preparing to be joined to your Shepherdeſs in the ſweeteſt Bands, and yet at a Time when all Things conſpire to brighten your Fortune, you give your ſelf over, without Cauſe, to a moſt reſtleſs Anxiety.

My dear *Polemas*, anſwered *Thamires*, ſighing, don't endeavour to look into my Soul: I am my ſelf ignorant of what paſſes therein; but this tranſporting good Fortune as you eſteem it, which unites me to *Lydippa*, is at the ſame Time ready to bind you to *Cypariſſa*; how comes it then that your Heart ſtill ſighs, and ſeems to wiſh for ſomewhat more? Ought it not to be ſatisfied with a Felicity which the Gods themſelves might envy.

I ſee plainly, cried *Polemas*, that our Torments are of ſuch a Nature, that we dare not communicate them, let us keep on both Sides our ſtrange Secrets, and let us leave to Love and to Fortune the Care of concealing them, if we muſt remain unhappy; or of publiſhing them if theſe Divinities favour us. 'Twas in this Manner, theſe two Shepherds, without declaring any Thing, made each other ſenſible of their ſecret Paſſions, while the two Shepherdeſſes, laboured to conceal from each other the different Emotions which troubled their Minds. Mean while, *Cupid*, who intended perfectly to open their Eyes, revived the Country Pleaſures, over which this God preſided as Sovereign. If he armed the Looks of *Lydippa*, ſo as to give inevitable Wounds to *Polemas*; he placed himſelf in the Eyes of *Cypariſſa* in order to triumph over *Thamires*: And by a juſt Equality he furniſhed theſe two Shepherds with Charms the moſt prevailing to inſpire what he had inſpired them with.

In fine, theſe four Lovers began no longer to doubt of their Inconſtancy: But the Anxiety which they felt when a Moment's Abſence interrupted their Pleaſures, the Joy to ſee each other after it, and above all the Confuſion of

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their Diſcourſe, were ſufficient Teſtimonies, that their Love, by changing the Object, loſt nothing of its original Strength, *Thamires* and *Lydippa* forgot their Houſes, their Flocks became indifferent to them, they entruſted other Shepherds with the Care of them; they were no longer capable of any Thing but ſeeking *Cypariſſa* and *Polemas* in all Places; and even the World began to ſuſpect ſome Part of the Truth.

The ſharp-ſighted Swains, ſoon perceived, that ſome Motives ſtronger than Friendſhip were the Parents of an Union ſo perfect; the Relations of the Shepherdeſſes complained grievouſly of it, and at length ordered them either to ſtick to their firſt Choice, or to determine upon a ſecond.

Polemas and *Thamires*, being informed of theſe Reports, took a Reſolution to put an End to them, and without acquainting their Miſtreſſes with any Thing of it, determined to go both to a ſmall Temple dedicated to *Apollo*,, where his Anſwer might finally decide their Fates, and they mutually ſwore to each other, that whatever Sentence was pronounced they would ſubmit to it without murmuring.

Perhaps I may be told, that neither one nor 'tother of them were much in Love, ſince they did not appeal to their own Hearts upon the Matter. I believe it may be anſwered, that the Love which directed them gave them Aſſurance of an Anſwer propitious to their Inclinations. Be that as it will, they both went forth together one Morning, and having paſſed an intervening River in a Fiſherman's Boat, they arrived at this little Country Temple, where,

where, after having devoutly prayed to the Deity for his Favour, they applied to the Priest, who, after many Conjurations delivered them this Answer from *Apollo*.

The ORACLE.

Would you that a Flame sincere
Should guide your Life, even to the Grave,
Let each join Hearts with the first Fair,
Whose Life from Waters he shall save.

This Answer amaz'd our Shepherds, without satisfying them. They left this hallowed Place in order to meditate on this strange Oracle. What Hope (said *Polemas*, taking the Path that led to his House) is there that we should have it in our Power to save our Shepherdesses from this new Danger? And how unhappy is our Destiny if any others receive that Service from us? In such a Case, replied *Thamires* briskly, I will not only give the Lye to the Oracle of *Apollo*, but to all the Oracles in the World. If I cannot be joined to the Object of my Adoration, I renounce for my whole Life the Goods of Fortune and the Blessings of Love. As *Thamires* ended these last Words, they found themselves so nigh the River they were to cross, that *Polemas* could not answer him. They both cast their Eyes at the same time on the Water, to see if they could discover a Boat to carry them to the other Side of it. But what was their Astonishment, when they saw coming towards them a small Cott, in which only one Man ferried two Shepherdesses, whom they had not Time to recollect for the Misfortune

Misfortune that befel them. A Trunk of a Tree, which was hid under the Waves, ſo quickly overſet the Boat, that there was all the Reaſon in the World to believe, that the unhappy Nymphs would be immediately drowned, if the Aſſiſtance of *Polemas* and *Thamires* had not prevented this diſaſtrous Accident? Theſe generous Shepherds threw themſelves into the Water with undaunted Boldneſs, and ſwam with ſuch Force, that each of them in a ſhort Time got hold of one of the Shepherdeſſes, after which, making towards the Shore, they both got to the Bank Side, each laden with a Treaſure of which as yet they did not know the Value. What then was their Tranſport, when *Thamires* knew that the Perſon whom he had guarded from almoſt inevitable Death was the lovely *Cypariſſa*, and *Polemas* found in the charming *Lydippa*, her whom he had ſaved from the Fury of a treacherous Element. Theſe Shepherds beſtirred themſelves ſo carefully about their Nymphs, that they ſoon recovered them from the fainting Fits into which the Fright had thrown them. Judge of their Surprize and their Joy when they found themſelves again beholden for their Lives to thoſe for whom they would willingly ſacrifice them.

The Shepherds told them all that paſſed ſince their Arrival at the Temple of *Apollo*, and not doubting but Love would give Conſent to ſo pleaſing a Change, each threw himſelf at the Feet of her whom he adored, and made ſuch tender Proteſtations to them, that the Shepherdeſſes, overcome by their own Inclinations, acknowledged their Defeat. They told the Shepherds, that the Deſire of knowing

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the Opinion of *Apollo*, upon their Deſtiny, had ſet themſelves upon coming to his Temple, but that it would be idle to go on with their Journey ſince Love had ſaved them the Trouble: I ſhould not have done ſo ſoon if I would enlarge upon the paſſionate Converſation that paſſed between them. They returned to the Village, and divulged immediately this new Miracle of Love's Working, which was confirmed by the Boat-man, who had ſaved himſelf from the Wreck: And now no Body blamed the double Change which was propoſed; the Oracle of *Apollo* was ſo ſignificative, that all the Swains earneſtly deſired to be Witneſſes of the double Marriage, which was done a little Time after. Love never united ſuch tender Lovers, and Marriage never joined ſuch happy Pairs; they lived long in this happy Condition, *Polemas* and *Thamires* were inſeparable till Death, while *Cyparisſa* and *Lydippa* during their whole Lives taſted the Pleaſures of a tender Friendſhip, and a thorough Eſteem for each other.

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